

MACBETH:

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

To which is added all the

ORIGINAL SONGS,

WITH THE

LIFE of the AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.

M. DCC. LXXXIII.

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1825.

T H E
L I F E

O F

Mr WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Written by Mr ROWE.

MR WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was the son of Mr John Shakespeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for some time at a free-school, where 'tis probable he acquired what Latin he was master of; but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the Ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great *genius*, (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs), would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the Ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute; for though the knowledge of them

might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance which we admire in Shakespeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver 'em.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, 'till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *genius's* that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, he lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he us'd to play; and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased to have learned, from some certain authority, which was the first play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakespeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of the judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the Chorus at the end of the fourth Act of *Henry V.* by a compliment very handsomely turned to the Earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland; and his elogy upon Queen Elizabeth, and her successor King James, in the latter end of his *Henry VIII.* is a proof of that play's being written after the acces-

sion of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a *genius* arise amongst them of so pleasureable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour; it is that maiden princess, plainly, whom he intends by

——— *A fair Vestal, throned by the West.*

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle: some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain, that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry V. and Henry VI's times. What grace soever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the

fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to French dancers and Italian singers.

What particuliar habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the genteeler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Johnson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature: Mr Johnson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr Johnson and his writings to the public. Johnson was certainly a very good scholar, and

x THE LIFE OF

in that had the advantage of Shakespeare; though at the same time I believe it must be allowed, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr Hales of Eaton, and Ben Johnson, Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakespeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Johnson with some warmth; Mr Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, "That if Mr Shakespeare had not read the
 "Ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from
 "them; and that if he would produce any one topic
 "finely treated by any of them, he would undertake
 "to shew something upon the same subject at least as
 "well written by Shakespeare."

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford.

He died in the 53d year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is,

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear

To dig the dust inclosed here.

Blest be the man that spares these stones,

And curst be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susannah, who was his favourite, to Dr John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nash, Esq; and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbingdon, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family. The character of the man is best seen in his writings; but since Ben Johnson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words.

“ I remember the players have often mentioned it as
 “ an honour to Shakespeare, that in writing (whatso-
 “ ever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My
 “ answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!*
 “ which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not
 “ told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose
 “ that circumstance to commend their friend by, where-
 “ in he most faulted, and to justify mine own candour;
 “ for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on
 “ this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed,
 “ honest, and of an open and free nature, had an ex-
 “ cellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions;
 “ wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes
 “ it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus*
 “ *erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in
 “ his own power; would the rule of it had been so too!
 “ Many times he fell into those things which could not
 “ escape laughter; as when he said in the person of
 “ Cæsar, one speaking to him,

“ *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong;*

“ He replied,

“ *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause**:

“ and such like, which were ridiculous. But he re-
 “ deemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever
 “ more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.”

* There is no such passage in Shakespeare: the only thing like it is the following, near the beginning of the Third act of his *Julius Cæsar*:

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.*

Dramatis Personæ.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM, } Sons to the King.

DONALBAIN, }

MACBETH, } Generals of the King's army.

BANQUO, }

LENOX, }

MACDUFF, }

ROSSE, } Noblemen of Scotland.

MENTEETH, }

ANGUS, }

CATHNESS, }

FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.

SIWARD, General of the English Forces.

YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.

SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.

SON to Macduff.

DOCTOR.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

GENTLEWOMEN attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants,

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *In the end of the Fourth Act, lyes in England; thro' the rest of the Play in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle,*

M A C B E T H.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

I W I T C H.

W H E N shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3 *Witch.* There I go to meet Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, I come, Grimalkin.—

2 *Witch.* Paddocke calls—anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[They rise from the stage, and fly away.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to a Palace at Foris.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood :

As too spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choke their art : the merciless Macdonel,
(Worthy to be a rebel ; for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of *Kerns* and *Gallow-glasses* was supply'd ;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak :
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion carved out his passage,
'Till he had fac'd the slave ;
Who ne'er shook hands, nor bid farewell to him,
Fill'd he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break ;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomforts well'd. Mark, King of Scotland, mark ;
No sooner Justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping *Kerns* to trust their heels,
But the Norwegian lord, surveying 'vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Cap. Yes,

As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd ; with double cracks,
So they redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgatha,
I cannot tell—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.—

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds :
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

Enter Ross and Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane of Ross*.

Len. What hatte looks through his eyes?

So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Ross. From *Fife*, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with numbers terrible,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The *Thane of Cawdor*, 'gave a dismal conflict;

'Till that *Bellona's* bridegroom, lapt in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,

The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

Ross. Now *Sveno*, Norway's king, craves composition:

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

'Till he disbursed, at *Saint Colmes-kiln* isle,

Ten thousand dollars, to our general use.

King. No more that *Thane of Cawdor* shall deceive

Our bosom int'rest. Go, pronounce his death;

And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

Ross. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me,
quoth I,

Aroint thee, witch!—the rump-fed ronyon cries.
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger:
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
 And like a rat without a tail,
 I'll do—I'll do—and I'll do.

2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I myself have all the other.

And the very points they blow;
 All the quarters that they know,
 I' th' ship-man's card—

I will drain him dry as hay;
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid;
 Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak and pine;
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look, what I have.

2 Witch. Shew me, shew me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wreckt as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

3 Witch. A drum, a drum!
 Macbeth doth come!

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about,
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again to make up nine.
 Peace!—the charm's wound up.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers, and other Attendants.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Foris?—What are these,
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,

That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't! live you, or are you aught
That man may question! You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: — You should be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can; what are you!

1 Witch. All-hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2 Witch. All-hail Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch. All-hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of Truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [To the Witches.
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not,
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none;
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all-hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death, I know I'm Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why?

1 Witch. By the power of our sorcery.

Upon this blasted heath, you stop our way,
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[Witches *vanish*.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal
Melted, as breath into the wind.—

Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

S C E N E V.

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine, or his. Silence with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout-Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post on post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

ACT I. M A C B E T H.

Ang. Who was the Thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and 'vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not:
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glainis, and Thane of Cawdor! [*Aside.*
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[*To Angus.*
Do you not hope your children shall be kings?

[*To Banquo.*
When those, that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And often times, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you. [*To Ross and Angus.*

Macb. Two truths are told, [*Aside.*
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen—
[*To Ross and Angus.*

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good —If ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm Thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not,

M A C B E T H. ACT.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If Chance will have me king, why, Chance
may crown me, [Aside.

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour. My dull brain was
wrought

With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registred where every day I turn

[To Ross and Angus.

The leaf to read them.—Let us tow'rd the King;
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time, I

[To Banquo.

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough. Come, friends. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Palace,

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,
and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor yet?
Or not those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke

With one that saw him die, who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,

Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd
As one that had been studied in his death,

To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross and Angus.

O worthiest cousin !
The sin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou'dst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I've left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties ; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so : let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland : which honour must,
Not unaccompanied, invest him only ;
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—Hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you.

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lyes. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King. True worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to an apartment in Macbeth's Castle, at Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. **T**hey met me in the day of success; and I have
learn'd by the perfectest report, they have
more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in
desire to question them further, they made themselves air,
into which they vanish'd. While I stood rapt in the
wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all hail'd
me Thane of Cawdor, by which title, before, these weird
sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of
time, with hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought
good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness)
that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being
ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to
thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor—and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great Glamis,
 That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise, with the valour of my tongue,
 All that impedes thee from the golden round
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings ?

Mes. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him ? who, were't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true : our Thane is coming.
 One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending ;

He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[Exit Mes.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here ;
 And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, topfull
 Of direst cruelty ; make thick my blood,
 Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers !
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief.—Come thick Night !
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor Heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry *Hold, hold!*——

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! [*Embracing him.*
 Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present time, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never
 Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under't. He, that's coming,
 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch,
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
 To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Before Macbeth's Castle-Gate.

Hautboys and torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
 By his lov'd masonry, that Heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
 Buttice, nor coigne of 'vantage, but this bird

Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King See, see our honoured hostess !
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you should bid god-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
(In every point twice done, and then done double)
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor ?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well,
And his great love (sharp as his spur) hath holp him
To's home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure :
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand ;
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly ;
And shall continue our graces towards him.

By your leave, hostess.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IX.

Changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle.

*Hautboys, torches. Enter divers Servants with dishes
and service over the stage. Then Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
well

It were done quickly : if th' assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With its surcease success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all—*Here,*
 But *here*, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come—But in these cases,
 We still have judgment *here*, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions; which being taught, return
 To plague th' inventor. Even-handed justice
 Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
 First as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his mard'rer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deep damnation of his taking off:
 And pity, like a naked new-borne babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye:
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on th' other—

S C E N E X.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady. He's almost supp'd; why have you left the cham-

Macb. Hath he asked for me? [ber!]

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have brought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest goss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk

Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? from this time
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire? would'st thou have that,
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem?
 Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
 Like the poor cat in th' adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man:
 Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was't then,

That made you break this enterprize to me?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And (to be more than what you were) you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
 Did then cohere, and yet you would make both:
 They've made themselves; and that their fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:—
 I would, while it was smil'ing in my face,
 Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
 As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail!—

Lady. We fail.

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
 That memory (the warder of the brain)
 Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures ly as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only !
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

Banquo.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down : I have not heard
the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in
heav'n,

Their candles are all out.—— Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lyes like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep ; Merciful pow'rs !
Restrain in me the curfed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword : who's there ?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest ? the King's a-bed.
He hath to night been in unusual pleasure,

And sent great largesse to your officers ;
 This diamond he greets your wife withal,
 By the name of the most kind Hostess, and shut up
 In measureless content.

Macb Being unrepard,
 Our will became the servant to defect ;
 Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
 To you they've shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them ;
 Yet when we can intreat an hour to serve,
 Would spend it in some words upon that business ;
 If you would grant the time.

Ban At your kind leisure.

Macb If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
 It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
 My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
 I shall be counsell'd.

Macb Good repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, Sir, the like to you.

[*Exeunt* Banquo and Fleance.

S C E N E II.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*
 Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle to 'rd my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee.
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat oppress'd brain ?
 I see thee yet in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw——
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,

Or else worth all the rest——I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.——There's no such thing——
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.——Now o'er one half the world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd murder,
 (Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost——Thou found and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about;
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.——Whilst I threat, he lives——

[*A bell rings.*]

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
 me bold:

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. Hark!
 peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,

Which gives the stern'st good-night—he is about it—

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their

That death and nature do contend about them, [possessives],

Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what, ho?——

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

And 'tis not done; th' attempt and not the deed

Confounds us——Hark!——I laid their daggers ready,

He could not miss 'em——Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't—My husband!

Macb. I've done the deed—didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!——who lyes i' th' second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight! [*Looks on his hands.*]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say, a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd
Murder!

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God bless us! and Amen, the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Lift'ning their fear, I could not say Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen;
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the revell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.——

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the house;
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? why, worthy
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think [Thane,
 So brain-sickly of things: go, get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
 They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
 I am afraid to think what I have done;
 Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
 Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
 For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [Starting.
 How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
 What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather
 Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine,
 Making the green one red———

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
 To wear a heart so white; I hear a knocking [Knock.
 At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber,
 A little water clears us of this deed.
 How easy is it then? your constancy
 Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking! [Knock.
 Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
 And shew us to be watchers; be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
 myself.
 Wake, Duncan, with this knocking: would thou could'st?
 [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*] *Port.* Here's a knocking, indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Who's there, in th' other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English taylor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, taylor, here you may roast your goose. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell I'll devil porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire [*Knock.*] Anon, anon. I pray you remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do ly so late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock: and drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep, and giving him the lie leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Port. Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good-morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I've almost slept the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you: But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour, we delight in, physicks pain; This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service, *[Exit Macduff.]*

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say, Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death, And prophesying with accents terrible Of dire combustion, and confused events, New hatch'd to th' woful time:

The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night. Some say, the earth was fev'rous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee.

Macb. and *Len.* What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece;
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?—

Len. Mean you his Majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. Awake! awake!

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*]

Ring the alarm bell—murder! and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself—up, up, and see
The great doom's image—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror.—

S C E N E V.

Bell rings Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business,
That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak.

Macd. Gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo, Banquo!

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?—

Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Macduff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I'd liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality;

All is but toys ; Renown and Grace is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know't :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stop't, the very source of it is stop't.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom ?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't ;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows ; they star'd, and were distracted ;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them. —

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and fu-
Loyal and neutral in a moment ? no man. [rious,
The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay Duncan ;
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For Ruin's wasteful entrance ; there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known ?

Lady. Help me hence, ho ! — [Seeming to faint.

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush and seize us ? Let's away ; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the Lady; [*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So, all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'th' hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mal. What will you do? let's not consort with them:
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murd'rous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The outside of Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Rosse, with an old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I've seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten this bloody stage: by th' clock 'tis day;
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp;

Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and
certain!)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amaze ment of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.
How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd;

Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;

Thriftless ambition! that will raven up

Thine own life's means.—Then 'tis most like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth!

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekiln,
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,
adieu;

Left our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's bennison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

THOU hast it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
The weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine),
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? but, hush, no more.

Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth, Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence:

Ban. Lay your Highness'
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd
Your good advice (which still hath been both grave
And prosperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel patricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When wherewithal we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie, to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs;
Farewell. [Exit Banquo.

Let ev'ry man be master of his time
'Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
'Till supper-time alone: till then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.

S C E N E II.

Manent Macbeth, and a Servant.

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Serv. They are, my Lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.——To be thus, is
nothing; [Exit Servant.

But to be safely thus——Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he
 Whose being I do fear : and under him
 My genius is rebuk'd ; as it is said
 Anthony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of King upon me,
 And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
 For Banquo's issue have I 'fil'd my mind ;
 For them, the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
 Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings. The seed of Banquo kings !
 Rather than so, come Fate into the list,
 And champion me to th' utterance !— Who's there ?

Enter Servant, and two Murderers.

Go to the door, and stay there 'till we call. [*Ex. Serv.*]
 Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

Murd. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now

You have consider'd of my speeches, know
 That it was he. in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been
 Our innocent self ; this I made good to you
 In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you ;
 How you were borne in hand ; how cross'd ; the in-
 struments

Who wrought with them ; and all things else ; that might
 To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
 Say, Thus did Banquo.

Murd. True, you made it known.

Macb. I did so ; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go ? are you so gossell'd,

To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Murd.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and grey-hounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clep'd
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike; and so of men:
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Murd.* I am one

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Murd.* And I another,

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Murd. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his fall,

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Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Murd.* We shall, my Lord,

Perform what you command us.

1 *Murd.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this hour
at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,
The moment on't; (for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace: always thought,
That I require a clearness): and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work),
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
(Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's), must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart,
I'll come to you anon.

Murd. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded.—Banquo, thy soul's flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[Exit.]

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord? why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it—
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
(Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace),
Than on the torture of the mind to ly
In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on:

Gentle, my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks:
Be bright and jovial, 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, Love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance still apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these so flatt'ring streams, and make our faces
Vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are!—

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady. But in them Nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight, ere to black Hecat's summons
The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note,

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: come, feeling Night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night's black agents to their prey do rowze.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Park; the Castle at a distance.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Murd.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Murd.* Macbeth.

2 *Murd.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Murd.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Murd.* Hark, I hear horses.

Banquo *within.*] Give us light there, ho!

2 *Murd.* Then it is he; the rest,
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' court.

1 *Murd.* His horses go about.

3 *Murd.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
(So all men do), from hence to th' palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.

2 *Murd.* A light, a light.

3 *Murd.* 'Tis he.

1 *Murd.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Murd.* Let it come down. [*They assault Banquo.*]

Ban. Oh treachery!

Fly, Fleance; fly, fly, fly;

Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]

3 *Murd.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Murd.* Was't not the way?

3 *Murd.* There's but one down; the son

Is fled.

2 *Murd.* We've lost best half of our affair.

1 *Murd.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to a Room of State in the Castle.

A banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down :
And first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lord. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host :

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

We will require her welcome.

[*They sit.*]

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they're welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks,

Both sides are even : here I'll sit i' th' midst;

Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure

The table round. — There's blood upon thy face.

[*To the Murd. aside, at the door.*]

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats ; yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again : I had else been
perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ;
As broad and gen'ral, as the casing air :
But now I'm cabbin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe——

Mur. Ay, my good Lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
The least a death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that ;
There the grown serpent lyes : the worm that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear't ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady. My royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were best at home ;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
Meeting were bare without it.

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer !
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

Len. May't please your Highness sit ?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present——
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance !)

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company ?

Macb. The table's full. [Starting.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[*To Macb. aside.*]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on That
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear; [*Aside.*]
This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts
(Impostures to true fear), would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!—
Why do you make such faces? when all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there!

Behold! look! lo! how say you? [*Pointing to the Ghost.*]
Why, what care I! if thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghost vanishes.*]

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him——

Lady. Fie for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the general weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools ; this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.——
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all !
Then I'll sit down : give me some wine, fill full——
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

[*The Ghost rises again.*

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight ! let the earth hide
thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare withal.

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom ; 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros or Hyrcanian tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mock'ry, hence ! Why, so ;——being gone,
[*The Ghost vanishes.*

I am a man again : pray you sit still. [*The Lords rise.*

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me strange.

Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights;
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse:

Question enrages him: at once, good-night.
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
 Attend his Majesty!

Lady. Good-night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
 Augurs, that understand relations, have
 By magpies, and by coughs, and rooks brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood.——What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,

At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
 There's not a Thane of them but in his house
 I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
 (Betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:
 More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,
 By the worst of means, the worst. For mine own good
 All causes shall give way: I am in blood
 Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
 Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and self-
 abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: no more but
 We're yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the Heath.**Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.**1 Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.*Hec.* Have I not reason, Beldams, as you are?

Saucy, and over-bold! how did you dare

To trade and traffick with Macbeth,

In riddles and affairs of death?

And I the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or shew the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward son;

Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now; get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' th' morning: thither he

Will come to know his destiny;

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms, and every thing beside.

I am for th' air: this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon.

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vap'rous drop profound,

I'll catch it ere it come to ground;

And that distill'd by magic slights,

Shall raise such artificial sprights,

As, by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion.

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:

And you all know, security

Is mortals chiefest enemy.

[Music and a song.]

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back
again. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to a chamber.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-vaillant Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous too
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How did it grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? ay, wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please Heav'n, he shall not), they should find
What 'twere to kill a father: so should Fleance.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is received
Of the most pious Edward, with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff

Is gone to pray the king upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;
That by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work), we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasp'rated their king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, "You'll rue the time;
"That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a care to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come! that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my pray'rs with him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A dark Cave; in the middle a great cauldron
burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch.

THREE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch. Twice and once the hedge pig whin'd.

3 Witch. Harper cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the cauldron, and throw in the
several ingredients as for the preparation of their
charm.*]

Toad that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravening salt sea-shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' th' gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in,

MUSIC and a SONG. /

Black spirits and white,

Blue spirits and grey,

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes :
Open locks, whoever knocks.

S C E N E II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
What is't you do? [hags!

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Nature's germins tumble altogether,
Even till Destruction sicken: answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our
mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murd'ers gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thyself and office dostly show.

[Thunder.]

Apparition of an armed head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power—

Witch. He knows thy thought :

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff.
Beware the Thane of Fife—dismiss me—enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks :

Thou'st harp'd my fear aright. But one word more.—

Witch. He will not be commanded ; here's another
More potent than the first. [Thunder.

Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to scorn
The pow'r of man ; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff : what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate, thou shall not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies ;
And sleep in spite of thunder. [Thunder.

*Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his
hand, rises.*

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to Dunfinane's high hill
Shall come against him. [Descends

Macb. That will never be.

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? Sweet boadments ! good !
Rebellious head rise never, till the wood

Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom!—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[The cauldron sinks into the ground.]

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[Hautboys.]

1 Witch. Shew!

2 Witch. Shew!

3 Witch. Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*[Eight Kings appear, and pass over in order, and
Banquo the last, with a glass in his hand.]*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls.—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do ye shew me this?—A fourth?—start eye!
What! will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?—
Another yet?—A seventh! I'll see no more—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! nay, now I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

1 Witch. Ay, Sir, all this is so? but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music.]

[The Witches dance and vanish.]

2

M A C B E T H. Act IV.

Macb. Where are they? gone?—Let this pernicious
Stand ay accursed in the calendar! [hour
Come in; without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the wayward sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Twas two or three, my Lord, that bring you
Macduff is fled to England. [word,

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done!
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights. Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt,

S C E N E III.

Changes to Macduff's Castle in Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;

His flight was madness; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? he loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest cousin,
I pray you school yourself; but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' seasons. I dare not speak much farther,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies!

Son. On what I get, I mean, and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,
The pit-fall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? poor birds they are not
set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and
must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there
are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and
hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt
thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you
would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly
have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. *[Exit Messenger.]*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I've done no harm. But I remember now,
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I'd done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

La. Macd. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg! *[Stabbing him.]*
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He's kill'd me, mother;
Run away, pray you.

[Exit Lady Macduff, crying Murder! Murderers pursue her.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the King of England's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfal'n birth-doom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will,
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance;
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon:

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
 Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
 Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance e'en there where I did find my
 doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and children?
 Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
 Without leave-taking?——I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country?
 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy
 His title is affear'd. Fare thee well, Lord: [wrongs,
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
 I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
 I think our country sinks beneath the yolk;
 It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
 There would be hands up-lifted in my right;
 And here from gracious England have I offer
 Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before;
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean, in whom I know
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,
 That when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
 With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions

Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils to top Macbeth:

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of ev'ry sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many,
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A staunchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;
And my more having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer teeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings; yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none; the king-becoming graces,

As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
 Bounty, persever'ance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them; but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!——

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
 I'm as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?

No, not to live. Oh, nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred!
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
 And does blaspheme his breed. Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
 Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
 Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh! fare thee well!
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
 Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh, my breast!
 Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wip'd the black scruples; reconcil'd my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his pow'r: and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste. But God above
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak my own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray
 The devil to his fellow, and delight

No less in truth than life : my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's to command :
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

S C E N E V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon. Comes the King forth, I
pray you ?

Doct. Ay, Sir ; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure ; their malady convinces
The great assay of art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heav'n given his hand,
They presently amend. [Exit.]

Mal. I thank you, Doctor :

Macd. What's the disease he means ?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil ;

A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often since my here remain in England
I've seen him do. How he sollicit Heav'n,
Himself best knows ; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here !

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers ?

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country !

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy : the dead-man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom : and good mens lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps ;
Dying, or e'er they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation

Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What's the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well——

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.——

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were all at peace, when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort

We're coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men :
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What, concern they
The gen'ral cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heav'n!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macd. My children too!—

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence, my wife kill'd too!

Rosse. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? what, all? oh, hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? sinful Macduff,

They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls ; Heav'n rest them now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
Convert to wrath : blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle Heav'n !
Cut short all intermission : front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Then Heav'n forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly :
Come, go we to the king, our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may ;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Gentlewoman.

Doctor.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it the
last walk'd ?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown up-
on her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,
write upon't, read it; afterwards seal it, and again re-
turn to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature ! to receive at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watch-
ing. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking,
and other actual performances, what (at any time)
have you heard her say ?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

Lo, you! here she comes: this is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damned spot; out, I say,—one, two; why then 'tis time to do't—hell is murky. Fy, my Lord, fy, a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? what, will these hands ne'er be clean?—no more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you marr all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heav'n knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! the heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well——

Gent. Pray God it be so, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise : yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale——I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so ?

Lady. To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the gate : come, come, come, come, give me your hand : what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad ; unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her ; so, good night.
My mind she's mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good Doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to a Field, with a Wood at a distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm.
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. [colm.]
Revenge burn in them ; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam-wood

Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother ?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not : I've a file
Of all the gentry ; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say, he's mad: others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

The Castle of Dunfinane.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports, let them fly all:
Till Birnam-wood remove to Dunfinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounced it:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
'Shall e'er have power upon thee.'—Then fly, false
fear,

And mingle with the English epicures.
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd lown !
Where got'st thou that goose-look ?

Ser. There are ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain ?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence——Seyton !——I'm sick
at heart,

When I behold——Seyton, I say !——this push
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.
I have liv'd long enough ; my way of life
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf :
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have : but in their stead,
Curfes, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton !——

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirmed, my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be
Give me my armour. [hack'd ;

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirre the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, Doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it—
Come, put my armour on ; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me—
Come, Sir, dispatch—If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health ;
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ! Hear'st thou of them ?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me ;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Birnam Wood.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's son, Men-
teeth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us ?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him ; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure
Our sitting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes most arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Castle of Dunfinane.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drums and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls:
The cry is still, *they come*: our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them ly,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
As life were in't. I have sapt full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

[*Macb.* She should have dy'd hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more! It is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing!

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue. Thy story quickly.

Mef. My gracious Lo. J,
 I should report that which, I say, I saw,
 But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mef. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[Striking him.]

Mef. Let me endure your wrath if't be not so:
 Within this three mile may you see it coming;
 I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
 'Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.——
 I pull in resolution, and begin
 To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
 That lies like truth. "Fear not, 'till Birnam wood
 "Do come to Dunfinane;"——and now a wood
 Comes toward Dunfinane. Arm, arm, and out!
 If this, which he avouches, does appear,
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I 'gin to be aweary of the sun;
 And wish the state o' th' world were now undone.
 Ring the alarum bell! blow, wind! come, wrack!
 At least, we'll die with harness on our back. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VI.

*Before Dunfinane.**Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their army, with boughs.**Mal.* Now, near enough; your leavy screens throw down,

And shew like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
 Shall with my cousin, your right-noble son,
 Lead our first battle. Brave Macduff and we
 Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
 Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all your trumpets speak, give them all breath,

Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death.

*[Exeunt. Alarums continued.]**Enter Macbeth.*

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
 That was not born of woman? such a one
 Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young Siward.**Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.*Yo. Siw.* No: though thou call'st thyself a hotter name Than any is in hell.*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a title More hateful to mine ear.*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.*[Fight, and young Siward's slain.]**Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.——

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
 Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, shew thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: or thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be—
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.]

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

Siw. This way, my Lord. The castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble Thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the castle. [Excunt. Alarums.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

To him, Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words:
My voice is in my sword! thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [Fight. Alarums.]

Macb. Thou losest labour;
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests,

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm!
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so!
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these jugling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
"Here you may see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be he that first cries, Hold, enough!

[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Retreat and flourish. Enter, with drum and colours,
Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my Lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then is he dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sor-
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then [row
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not with them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score.
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where
Th' usurper's curst head; the time is free: [stands
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. *Exeunt omnes.*

MUSIC in the Second A C T.

Set by Mr LEVERIDGE.

Enter several Witches.

1 Witch.

SPEAK, Sister,—is the deed done?

2d. Long ago, long ago;
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3d. Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Or single, but following crimes on former wait.

4th. The worst of creatures safest propagate.

Many more murders must this one ensue;
Dread horrors still abound,
And ev'ry place surround,
As if in Death were found
Propagation too.

2d. He must!

3d. He shall!

1st. He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

Chor. He will, he will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

1st. Now, let's dance.

2d. Agreed.

3d. Agreed.

4th. Agreed.

All. Agreed.

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

When cattle die, about, about we go;
When lightning, and dread thunder,
Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,
And fill the world with wonder,
What shou'd we do?

Chor. Rejoice,—we should rejoice.
When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,

MUSIC in the Third ACT.

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And monarchs die despairing,
What shou'd we do?——

Chor. Rejoice,——we should rejoice.

I.

1st. Let's have a dance upon the heath :
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

2d. Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel ;
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,

Chor. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

II.

Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we ;
Thither the chirping crickets come,
And beetles sing in drowsy hum :
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furs,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs :
Or if with none of these we meet,

Chor. We dance to th' echoes of our feet.

Chor. At the night-raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble we rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To th' echoes from a hollow hill.

[*Exeunt.*]

MUSIC in the Third ACT.

Enter Hecate, &c.

Spirits in the clouds call.

Spir. Hecate, Hecate,——come away.

Hec. Hark, hark, I'm call'd.

My little merry airy Spirit see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

Spir. Hecate, Hecate,

Hec. Thy chirping voice I hear,
So pleasing to my ear,
At which I post away,
With all the speed I may.

82 MUSIC in the Fourth ACT.

Where's Puckle ?

Spir. Here.

Hec. Where's Stradling ?

Spir. Here.

And Hopper too, and Hellway too.

We want but you, we want but you.

3 *Voi.* Come away, come away, make up th' account.

Verf. With new-fall'n dew,

From churchyard yew,

I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.

Now I'm furnish'd for my flight,

[*Symphony whilst Hecate places in the machine.*]

Now I go, and now I fly,

Malkin my sweet Spirit and I.

O what a dainty pleasure's this,

To sail in the air

When the moon shines fair,

To sing, to dance, to toy and kifs,

Over woods, high rocks, and mountains ;

Over hills, and misty fountains ;

Over steeples, tow'rs, and turrets,

We fly by night 'mong troops of Spirits.

Chor. We fly by night 'mong troops of Spirits. [*Exe.*]

ACT the Fourth.

Music at the Cauldron.

Enter Hecate, and all the Witches.

1st. Black spirits and white,

2^d. ——— Red spirits and gray,

2 *Voices.* Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.

3^d. Tiffin, tiffin,
Keep it stiffin.

4th. Fire-drake Pucky
Make it lucky.

5th. Laird Robin,
You must bob in.

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Chor. Round, around, around, around about.

All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1st. Here's the blood of a bat.

Hec. O, put in that.

2^d. Here's lizard's brain.

Hec. Put in a grain.

3^d. Here's juice of toad.

4th. — — Here's oil of adder.

Which will make the charm grow madder.

Hec. To add to these, and raise a pois'nous stench,
Here—here's three ounces—of a red-hair'd wench.

Chorus. Round, around, around, around about.

All ill come running in, ail good keep out *.

* This excellent tragedy may justly be considered as one of the *chef d'œuvres* of the inimitable Shakespeare: and it has been disputed by the critics, whether the preference should be given to this play, or the *Othello* of the same author.

The principal objection of the critics to this piece, is its extreme irregularity, every one of the rules of the Drama being entirely and repeatedly broken in upon: but surely it could not possibly be avoided from the very nature of the plan; I mean principally that of introducing the *Witches*; and it must be allowed, that none but Shakespeare could have made so noble and valuable an use of them as he has done.

Macbeth's soliloquies, both before and after the murder, are master-pieces of unmatched writing; while his readiness of being deluded at first by the witches, and his desperation on the discovery of the fatal ambiguity, and loss of all hope from supernatural predictions, produce a catastrophe truly just, and formed with the utmost judgment.

The arguments by which Lady Macbeth persuades her husband (Act I. Scene X.) to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage; a glittering idea, which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the housebreaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and an halt; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost.

“ I dare do all that may become a man;

“ Who dares do more, is none.”

Lady Macbeth's artifice and intrepidity at the banquet,
(when the ghosts arise and shake the soul of her husband,

whose mind was already greatly disturbed) is finely drawn. She cunningly tells the company, that "he was often so, even from his youth, and that to take notice of him would offend him." In a few words Shakespeare has admirably made her endeavour to disguise the cause of his disorder of mind; and how forcibly and significantly does she address him aside?

———"Are you a man?"

She is apprehensive, that in the heat of his disturbed imagination, he may discover himself to his friends, and therefore she asks if—"he is a man?" By which she means, that he should, if possible, collect and fortify his mind against the stings of conscience, lest his confusion should betray him.

The finest picture that ever was exhibited of deep distress, is in the 6th Scene of the 4th Act, where Macduff is represented lamenting his wife and children, inhumanly murdered by the tyrant. Stung to the heart with the news, he questions the messenger over and over: not that he doubted the fact, but that his heart revolted against so cruel a misfortune. After struggling some time with his grief, he turns from his wife and children to their savage butcher; and then gives vent to his resentment, but still with manliness and dignity.

"O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
 "And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle Heav'n!
 "Cut short all intermission: front to front
 "Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
 "Within my sword's length set him—If he 'scape,
 "Then Heav'n forgive him too!"

In short, the whole play is excellent, abounding with some singular beauties, superior to those of any other dramatic writer whatever.

END OF MACBETH.

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